

The Musical World.

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VOL. 38.—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

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In presenting this prospectus, the projectors of this Association deem it worthy of remark that a great want is felt by a countless number of amateurs possessing musical knowledge and capability of a society which would afford them ample opportunity of acquiring, at a moderate cost, a complete knowledge of the beauty and grandeur of the choicest and recognized orchestral compositions of this and previous periods.

The object of this Association is to bring together the amateur instrumentalists of London and its suburbs, for the practice and performance of oratorios, masses, cantatas, symphonies, operatic selections, and overtures, including compositions but little known to the general public, with other chef-d'œuvres of the great masters, suitable for band and chorus conjointly or separately.

For the benefit of the amateur department, weekly rehearsals will be held on every Saturday Evening, at Eight o'clock, at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, and during the season, concerts will be given at one of the large theatres or concert-rooms, with the important assistance of the honorary professional members, and in conjunction with the chorus, as soon as the necessary proficiency is attained.

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All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the London Orchestral Association, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

H. J. BRAHAM, Hon. Sec.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHORD OF THE SIX-FOUR.

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me whether the chord of the ♯ is rejected by the strict church writers or not, except in cases where it is used as an *appoggiatura*, or where it comes in a cadence on the dominant, followed by the ♯ which is its resolution?

I was present, not long since, at the opening of the St.—church, Newcastle, where full choral service was rendered by the choir of St.—church. A response in the Litany, "Good Lord deliver us," began on the chord of the ♯, on the dominant, in the key of E minor. I listened and listened again, for I thought the basses must have been refractory, but there was no mistaking it.

Farrant in his anthem, "Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake," has several times avoided this chord, and even modern composers use it very carefully, never without preparation. I never heard of any composer violating the rule, that "no composition must begin or finish on the chord of the ♯."

I beg you will pardon my trespassing on your valuable space, but your willingness to assist in the diffusion of musical knowledge encouraged me to ask this question, in the hope of its being useful, not only to me but to others.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

A SCHOOL-BOY.

[Beethoven begins and ends the slow movement of his seventh symphony—in A—with the chord of the *six-four*.—*Ed. M. W.*]

AN UNINTENDED OMISSION.

SIR,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I have taken, but having seen a notice in your publication of the 7th, mentioning the names of the gentlemen of the choir of St. George's Chapel as having the honour of singing before the Queen and court at Windsor Castle, on the eve of Christmas Day, I find my own name omitted. I trust you will kindly correct the error, as I was present on that occasion.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH ADAMS,

Lay Clerk of St. George's Chapel.

Cloisters, Windsor.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The concert on Monday last—the eighth of the season—was dedicated in the vocal part to Beethoven. The selection, we need hardly add, was first-rate. Let the programme show:—

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, for two violins, viola, violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Andenken"	Beethoven.
Song, "Hope"	Beethoven.
Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (first time)	Clementi.

PART II.

Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin	Mozart.
Lieder Kranz ("Lover to his Mistress")	Beethoven.
Song, "Know'st thou the land," Madame Lemmens Sherrington	Beethoven.
Quintet in F minor, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, (first time.)	Dussek.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The executants in the quartet were Herr Becker, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, who almost surpassed themselves in the performance, and really did so in the *scherzo*, which was in every way incomparable. The artists in the quintet were Mr. Charles Hallé, and the quartet of "strings" just named. This glorious composition of the old master—not quite so fashionable as he might be; but, thanks to the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, now likely to become fashionable—was hailed with boundless delight by all the amateurs present. The execution was admirable. Mr. Hallé, in Clementi's very grand sonata—another novelty—played with great power and expression, and achieved an unmitigable triumph.

Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves were again the vocalists. Beethoven's two songs are hardly in their manner suited to the lady's brilliant style; nevertheless, both were artistically given, and "Know'st thou the land," was most charmingly sung. Mr. Sims Reeves is at home in all sorts of music. He sings Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven,

Mendelssohn, Bishop, and Balfe, with equal discrimination and equal effect. On Monday night last, one might have supposed that his special mission was to interpret Beethoven's music and no other. More magnificent singing we never heard from any tenor than in the *Lieder Kranz*, which literally made the audience tempestuous in their delight, and induced the singer to return to the platform. The "Hope" song, also most exquisitely rendered, resulted in a recall. In the *Lieder Kranz*, Mr. Reeves was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé. Mr. Benedict accompanied Mr. Reeves and Madame Lemmens Sherrington in the other songs.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREE'S MUSICALES.

MISS DOLBY is always early in the field with her annual concerts; and, indeed, of late years we have been accustomed to look upon her *soirées* as the veritable dawn of the season proper. The season, therefore, may be said to have been inaugurated with special brilliancy on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th instant, at 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the private residence of Miss Dolby, when the following admirable programme was given:—

PART I.

Quartet in G major, Messrs. Sinton, Bezeth, Doyle, and Paque	Haydn.
Aria, "Cangio d'Aspetto" (Admetus), Miss Dolby	Handel.
Solo, pianoforte, Miss Freeth.	
Song, "The Pilgrim," Miss Dolby	J. M. Mudie.
Fantasia, violin, Solo de Concert, M. Sinton	Sinton.

PART II.

Trio in B flat, Op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Freeth, M. Sinton, and M. Paque	Beethoven.
Serenade, "Sleep, dearest, sleep," Miss Dolby	Randegger.
Solo, violoncello, M. Paque.	
Scotch Song, "Here about, and far awa," Miss Dolby	Old Air.
Duetto, violin and violoncello, "Mira la bianca luna," M. Sinton and M. Paque	Rossini.

At the Pianoforte—Herr Meyer Lutz.

With four such sterling performers the fine quartet of Haydn could hardly have been executed to greater perfection. M. Sinton, who possesses that peculiar gift—bestowed on none but the most accomplished artists—of adapting himself to the style of the composer he is interpreting, without losing his own specialty and individuality—led like a giant of the instrument, and seemed to inspire his coadjutors—all men and true—with his own fire and enthusiasm. The trio of Beethoven exhibited a decided improvement in the young pianist, Miss Freeth, the talented pupil of M. Alexandre Billet, and excited even a more marked sensation than the quartet, attributable in a great measure to the pianoforte being the instrument of predilection to the majority of Miss Dolby's visitors. Miss Freeth, with her talents, aided by zeal and perseverance, cannot fail to make her way with the public; nor need her friends have recourse to laudatory advertisements to notify her capabilities.

M. Sinton's performance of his own popular fantasia, "Solo de Concert," was inimitable as a bravura display, and excited the utmost astonishment and delight.

The duet to violin and violoncello—founded on that favourite and most charming duet, by the author of the *Barbiere*, "Mira la bianca luna," which on two occasions created so great a sensation at the Monday Popular Concerts—constituted an excellent show-piece for both violin and violoncello, in which M. Sinton and M. Paque, both Frenchmen, demonstrated in an unmistakable manner their feeling for Italian sentiment.

Miss Dolby's four songs were skillfully chosen to exhibit her versatility. Handel's song has been always one of her finest performances, and we do not remember having heard her sing it more splendidly, or with more legitimate effect, than on Tuesday evening week. Handel himself would have been more than satisfied. "The Pilgrim" is a charming song, written in Mr. Mudie's most expressive style, and promises to become a favourite, more especially if recommended by the fair artist's singing. We have before pronounced Miss Dolby's warbling of Herr Randegger's "Serenade," incomparable. It is, indeed, one of her most perfect efforts. The poetry of the Scotch song has

been written by Mr. T. Oliphant in praise of Burns. Sweeter tunes we have heard, and verses of greater pith, though these are by no means devoid of sentiment; but Miss Dolby's fine singing would have rendered acceptable a ballad of far less pretensions.

The rooms were crowded by an elegant and fashionable assembly, who appeared throughout to enjoy the refined and admirable entertainment provided by the gracious hostess.

The second and last *soirée* takes place on the 31st instant.

CONCERTS.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Whatever may be said of the merits of Haydn's *Creation* as an oratorio, one thing is quite certain, and that is that it has the power of attracting and delighting vast numbers of people; and, if any proof were wanting to confirm this idea, the densely packed crowd of Wednesday last would be sufficient evidence. Not only was the building crowded almost to suffocation, but hundreds turned away, money in hand, unable to gain admission. No doubt the names of the principal singers had no small share in the attraction, for the announcement of such artists as Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss is a guarantee for a performance of the highest efficiency. Nor were the hopes of the audience doomed to be disappointed, for all concerned exerted themselves to the utmost, and, consequently, the highest satisfaction was afforded. Frequently as we have had to speak of Mad. Lemmens Sherrington in terms of warm praise, we have never heard her to greater advantage than in the light, elegant, and florid music of Haydn, which shows all the best qualities of her voice and powers of execution to perfection. "With verdure clad," of course drew forth rapturous applause, and some considerable attempts at an encore, wisely resisted. Even stronger efforts were used to induce Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat the air "In native worth," but a politely bowed acknowledgment was the sensible response to the compliment. Mr. Reeves seems, if possible, to be singing more magnificently than ever, and was as enthusiastically received and vigorously applauded as at Exeter Hall on Friday. St. Martin's does not promulgate the same edict as Exeter, and perhaps Mr. Hullah is wise in his generation, for after all if an audience thoroughly enjoys a thing, solo, chorus, or whatever it may be, they will applaud, despite all laws, provided the performance be in a secular building; although we have heard at the festivals of the chorus, the murmured audible sensation involuntarily bursting forth after some grand display, so carried away by enthusiasm as to forget that a cathedral was the scene of triumph. Mr. Weiss is thoroughly at home in the bass music of the *Creation*, and gave the recitatives and airs, especially "Roaming in foaming billows," with great energy and musician-like feeling, and was warmly applauded. Miss Gray (a pupil, we believe, of Miss Rainforth's) appeared in the third part, joining Mr. Weiss in the duets, and singing the recitative, "O thou for whom I am," in a style that gained the approbation of the audience, especially after "Graceful consort." Band and chorus rendered ample justice to their task, and drew forth their share of the popular suffrages—"Awake the harp," "The heavens are telling," and "Achieved is the glorious work"—coming in for the largest portion.

MYDDLETON HALL, ISLINGTON.—Mr. Lazarus gave his first concert in this neighbourhood on Tuesday last, and was honoured with a crowded audience—by no means a common occurrence, we believe, in the North London district. The programme was of a miscellaneous character, chiefly abounding in solos, and by no means of the class to which the Monday Popular have accustomed us. Nevertheless it appeared to afford high satisfaction, if we may judge from the hearty applause with which every piece was received. In addition to the *bénéficiaire*, whose name itself would be a powerful attraction, Miss Dolby, Madame Louisa Vinning, M. Sinton, Mr. Winn, &c., were engaged, besides which Mr. Lazarus's daughter also contributed her aid in a pianoforte solo on *Dinorah*, a duet and trio with her father, and a song. We do not know whether this young lady is destined for a pianist or vocalist, but would strongly recommend the former, as, although yet very young, she evinces ability and intelligence which may enable her with careful study to do

better things than sing a third-rate ballad, or play a *fantasia* on operatic airs. There is plenty of good music for the piano, which will serve as a far better school either for training or display than the mere show-pieces which are but too much the fashion. Miss Dolby and M. Sinton both evoked the warmth of the audience, the former being encored in one of her songs. Mr. Guest (violinello) joined Mr. and Miss Lazarus in the trio, Beethoven in D. Miss Harrington, Mr. Suchet Champion, and Mr. Lester, sang various solos of the popular (not "Monday") stamp, and Mr. Winn was encored in the old English air "Come lasses and lads." Mr. Lazarus gave only one solo (modestly placed in a very bad position, nearly at the end of a programme already too long), but played in such a style as fully to justify us in endorsing the opinion of a contemporary just given, that, on the clarinet, he is undoubtedly the first artist, not only in England but in Europe. Mr. C. Severn, of the Opera and Philharmonic bands, and organist of St. Mary's, Islington, made a most efficient conductor and accompanist.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A more unexceptionable performance has seldom been listened to than that given at Exeter Hall, on Friday se'nnight, to an audience which literally crammed the building to overflowing. The oratorio was Handel's *Samson*, with Mr. Costa's additional accompaniments. With respect to *Samson* (commenced eight days after the completion of *The Messiah*, and finished in five weeks), the immortal composer confessed he did not know whether or not he preferred it to *The Messiah*. Nearly one hundred and seventeen years have elapsed since its first production at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (Feb. 18th, 1743), and so little attention was then given by the London journals to matters musical, that not one word was said by any of them, of either *Samson* or *The Messiah*, produced during the seasons '42, '43. Now the case is very different. Half a score newspapers proclaim the fact to every breakfast table the following morning, and twice-a-score weeklies announce all particulars for the edification of readers by the million. Compare again the number of performances. From 1743 to Handel's death in 1759, he only gave one hundred and ninety-two performances, among which *The Messiah*, *Judas*, and *Samson* count for eighty-seven. It would be hard to say how many performances of Handel's oratorios have been given during the last sixteen years; but amongst all of them it would be difficult to find any that have afforded more unequivocal satisfaction than that on Friday week last.

To Mr. Sims Reeves must be assigned the place of honour, sustaining as he did the part of Samson in a manner impossible to praise too highly. His rendering of "Total eclipse" was most pathetic, and if ever artist did justice to "immortal music married to immortal verse," it was upon this occasion. What the original tenor in Handel's time—Mr. Beard—was, we have no means of ascertaining, but with the remembrance of the elder Braham yet in our minds, we must award the palm to Mr. Reeves. No less admirable was his singing "Why does the God of Israel sleep," and the air "Thus when the sun." The recitatives and duets, not the most grateful in all cases, were delivered in a style equally irreproachable, and throughout the frequent applause testified that the audience thought a deal more of Mr. Reeves's singing than the Exeter Hall regulations, which are supposed to forbid all demonstrations of the kind. In other instances the rule was set aside, for there were two encores—one to Miss Banks (who has hitherto been heard only at Mr. Hullah's), in "Let the bright Seraphim," the matchless trumpet *obligato* accompaniment being played by Mr. T. Harper, as perhaps no other artist living can play it, and the other re-demand to Signor Belletti in "How willing my paternal love." The young lady, upon whom the entire weight of the soprano music rested, may be congratulated upon her successful *début* at Exeter Hall, for, although evidently at first suffering from nervousness, she regained her courage, and was enabled to display her clear and telling (though not powerful) voice to decided advantage; the trying air above named showing executive powers of no mean order. Miss Dolby's artistic excellence was never shown to greater perfection than in the *contralto* music;

while Mr. Weiss's fine voice and vigorous declamation did excellent service, and evoked loud plaudits, in the energetic air "Honour and Arms," dividing the suffrages with Mr. Reeves in the duet "Go, baffled coward." To Signor Belletti must also be given the highest commendation for his artistic conception, and no less artistic delivery of all the music assigned to him, and especially of the air which was redemanded. The band was thoroughly up to its work, while the chorus, with one or two exceptions, went admirably, both showing the invaluable result of constant training and practice. The next performance will be on February 3rd, when Mendelssohn's *Song of Praise* and the *Dettingen Te Deum* will be given, with Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, &c., as principals.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Campbell's American Minstrels have been succeeded in St. James's Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Paul's clever and amusing *Patchwork*, which is now quite established in public favour. Every night finds the room filled by an elegant audience. Among Mrs. Howard Paul's new characters that hit the popular taste, we may mention that of an Irish nursemaid, who, while rocking her young charge to sleep, recalls to mind that she has a sweetheart, a drummer, who, before he went to join his regiment in India, leaves her a few keepsakes, including an old drum, an old military coat and hat, &c. (what was his colonel about, to let him give away his "perquisites" so freely?), in which the fair daughter of the Emerald Isle soon equips herself, and then sings a song in praise of a soldier's life. Mrs. Paul gives this with such archness, and accompanies herself on the drum so capitably, that the audience are fairly carried away, and the burst of applause that follows is richly merited. Mrs. Paul also sings (in imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves) Mr. Balfe's new song of "Margaretta." Mr. Howard Paul, in his impersonation of a go-ahead Yankee, sings a "patter song," à la Charles Mathews, with extraordinary volubility. *Patchwork* concludes with a "danse des folles," by Mr. and Mrs. Paul, which has but one fault, that of being too short. One of the most remarkable features of the entertainment is the very rapid way in which the changes of costume are managed.

MANCHESTER.—At the last Monday Evening Concerts, Miss Banks was unable to sing from indisposition, and Miss Susannah Cole was substituted. The patrons of the Free-trade Hall had no cause for disappointment, if we may judge from the following account, which we transcribe from the *Manchester Times* of Tuesday last:—

"In consequence of a telegram announcing the indisposition of Miss Banks, the director was fortunate enough to meet with Miss Susannah Cole, a young vocalist who made a first appearance in Manchester. We venture to prophecy that it will not be the last. Miss Cole possesses a pure soprano voice, soft and fluty in quality, with considerable facility of execution, and she gives decided evidence of careful cultivation. In Rossini's 'Di Piacer' she was rapturously encored. In 'The beating of my own heart,' there was shown good taste; and in the popular 'Shadow Song,' from *Dinorah*, a decided brilliancy of execution."

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison are announced to appear at the Free-trade Hall on Monday.

FOREIGN.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—In my last I omitted a musical event of very considerable importance, to wit, a very clever organ performance by a young English—I beg pardon—American gentleman, of remarkable musical abilities. The novelty of seeing an English name "in print" out here, and particularly where musical execution is concerned, induces me to send you the programme.

1. Prelude and Fugue (in G minor) ... J. K. Paine.
2. Choral varied: "An Wasserflüssen Babylon" ... Seb. Bach.
3. Trio Sonata in C (For two keyboards and pedals) ... "
4. Toccata in F ... "
5. Trio Sonata in E flat ... "
6. Chromatic Fantasia (in A minor) ... Thiele.

The first piece proves Mr. Paine to be not only a player, but a thorough comprehender of the king of fugues. The subjects are well chosen, and treated with all the skill of an experienced contrapuntist. Thanks to Mr. Best, it is not requisite to say a single word of the four numbers by Sebastian Bach; but I cannot resist just saying that the varied chorale is most surpassingly beautiful. Of the Fantasia by Thiele, much might be said if space were granted me. This not being the case, however, I must content myself by saying that it is a work of as great beauty as talent and invention. Thiele is a name quite unknown in England, if I mistake not. This is not much to be wondered at, for, were we to ask a hundred persons in

Berlin who he was, the probability is that no single individual would know. Like many talented men, he died young, very young, but not before he had raised himself to the highest point of his profession. As a practical and theoretical musician he had few rivals. His compositions bear the stamp of immortal genius, such as the gods vouchsafe but seldom to man. His profundity was only exceeded by his inventive talents: the fact that the great Bernhard Klein was his instructor guarantees the solidity of his acquirements. Had he not had so excellent a preceptor his vivid and unbounded imagination might have led him into extravagances, such as, in later days, have tried hard to create a sensation in the neighbourhood of Weimar. Even Bach himself does not surpass him in effects powerfully sublime.

One chromatic passage in contrary movement, with full chords and pedals, had an unspeakably powerful effect. It was, indeed, sufficient to melt the soul in ecstasies! Mr. Paine's playing was perfection: the resonance, however, marred the effect greatly. If I am rightly informed this young gentleman will pass through England on his way home, and I hope most devoutly he may make the acquaintance of our best player and the incomparable Liverpool organ. It is to be feared, however, that considerable delay in his departure would ensue if he once gave the Lilliputians an opportunity of hearing his superb playing. He is a pupil of the well-known Haupt of this city, and, if that veteran is not proud of his pupil, he ought to be. The learned Belario might say of Paine: "I never knew so young shoulders with so old a head."

Were it possible to send you a daily letter, it might be possible to give you an idea of all the musical events which transpire in this most (musically) favoured city. This very evening there are three very attractive concerts, and *Don Juan* at the opera, besides an Italian version of the *Barbiere* at the newly-opened Victoria Theatre, and unnumbered musical attractions elsewhere of a less select character. Of recent events, the chief are as follows:—The performance of Bach's Christmas oratorio by the Sing-akademie. As I premised, at the rehearsal the effect produced was not near so great as that by the mighty G mass, or the Passion music of the same master. It cannot be denied that there are many great beauties in the work; that some of the choruses are not a whit less majestic than the grandest of the masters; yet it is equally incontrovertible that a character far too secular pervades many, if not most, of the pieces. If a composer's works—and unquestionably they are—be influenced by the humour in which their author writes them, what a really merry one must Bach have been in when he wrote much of the work in question! I will only mention the freaks he has taken with the trumpets. Goodness save me from having to blow principal trumpet in Bach's Christmas oratorio! Could any of your readers have seen that worthy member of M. Licley's band at the memorable performance, he would most certainly have said, "Amen!" to my petition, with all brief and due convenience. The lovely pastoral symphony is certainly the gem of the whole work, and bears remarkable similarity to Handel's pastoral: had the two masters not have been contemporaneous and unknown to each other, one of them would most surely have been accused of plagiarism. Generally speaking, perhaps no two great musicians are more widely different in point of style; but in this particular pastoral Bach has descended one step from the coldly classic, approaching, in so doing, the majestic heights from which Handel surveyed the insignificant ordinary world with disdainful eye, yet sympathising heart.

The next in importance comes the performance of a cantata of Bach's, and "L'Allegro" of Handel, by the Bach society, under Herr Vierling's direction. The cantata, *Werdaglaubt*, is one of those immense works of Bach which he wrote every week for performance on the Sunday then following. It contains one masterly chorus, and a finely scored chorale. Bach's hand is written on every page of the score. No one else could have made so much from such little means. I will dimiss Handel by saying that he is unquestionably much better understood in England than here, at any rate judging from this performance in question. There was first of all a want of right conception of many of the pieces, and, secondly, a want of firmness in the conductor's hand. Such an unsteady performance I should not again like to bear. The solo singers (Madame Tuczak-Herrenburg, and Messrs. Krause and Osten), did all they could to redeem the affair, but signally failed. There was no *flasco*, properly speaking, but just such an unsatisfactory performance as might be expected when there is no decisive wielder of the bâton. Herr Vierling is one of the best composers living, and as thorough a musician as Germany possesses at this moment; but he is not fit to conduct, nor will he be till he rids himself of his nervous irritability.

At a concert of Madame Burchard's a new oratorio was performed (Solomon's Song), by the respected veteran, Dr. Löwe, who came expressly from Stettin to conduct it. I could not attend the performance,

and can only record the fact that while the critics here give the learned Doctor credit for the most consummate skill in writing ballads, they do not seem struck by his latest oratorio. His earlier works (purely vocal oratorios) seem to be almost entirely forgotten. His ballads are the most popular in Germany, and deservedly so. How many of our ballad fabricators have studied him to advantage, I hardly dare venture to think of.

The last symphony concert of the royal band was also not without its novelty. This was a symphony from the prolific pen of Niel Gade, entitled, "In the Highlands." It is characterised by more peculiarity than beauty, and more noise than either; there is, however, much beautiful music in it, and it would reward the labour of *sifting* and *clipping*. Of virtuosi, there has been no lack. Of violinists alone there have been four: David (from Leipzig), Vieuxtemps, Ruppoldi (Vienna), and a young Moldavian named Candle—no, Candella! Vieuxtemps carried away the palm. Nothing could surpass his faultless execution and his decided good taste. He never failed to create a furor. As I hear, he is now taking his last farewell of the public. He starts for St. Petersburg in a few days. Could he not be induced to pay London also a farewell visit? See to it, Mr. E. T. Smith. There has been a wondrous succession of novelties at the Opera: *Iphigenia*, *Idomeneo*, *Lohengrin*, *Jessonda*, *La Favorita*, *Tannhäuser*,* and last, but not least, Gluck's incomparable *Orfeo*. Johanna-Dachman Wagner played superbly, but, alas! that once magnificent voice, where is it? Alas, echo answers where? As coming events cast their shadows before, I may safely predict the temporary retirement of this lady from the stage. Need I say another word? Two, I may say three, events of quite a festive character have also taken place at the Opera-house. The first was the marriage of the fascinating young and talented prima-donna, Fräulein Wipperf, and the second, in the celebration of the completion of a half-a-century's service on the boards of the Opera by Herr Zschiesche.† Well-merited honours were paid to the worthy and much-esteemed veteran, not the least of which was a letter from the Prince Regent's own hand, conveying something more than mere thanks. It is gratifying to see what a lively interest the new premier takes in matters of art. This morning's *Voss* announces the fact of H.R.H. having conferred the honour of the Red Eagle on two worthy musicians—the one an organist, the other a singer. After such facts as these, why will people persist in asking if Germany cares any more for her "art-treasures" than England does for hers?

The third event was a similar tribute of respect paid to the veteran contrabassist, Herr Schlechte, who joined the ranks of the present Opera at the same time as Herr Zschiesche. May they both live long and happily to enjoy the benefit of well-earned repose! The new opera by Graf v. Redern is in active rehearsal, and will, I believe, be performed for the first time next week. Hope to send a detailed account of this long-expected and much-talked-of work in my next. Our Princess attended the performance of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* the other evening, and I must say looked perfectly blooming with health. Her *embonpoint* was the subject of general remark. H.R.H. attended service at the English chapel on Sunday last, when Boyce's "Te Deum" in A was sung for the first time. It "went" in a most creditable manner, without men's voices, however, be it remarked.

I cannot close without calling your attention to an error which crept in my last (p. 780, vol. 37). The "R. I. P." I had appended was simply intended for the benedictory "Requiescat in pace," for poor Wolff, who fell gloriously at Solferino, and was not at all intended to convey any idea of your correspondent's initials, his name being, as every one knows, simply JONES.

COLOGNE.—The fourth *soirée* of chamber music, on Tuesday, the 10th instant, was very well attended. Both the programme and the manner in which it was executed gave general satisfaction. A quartet by Haydn, in D major, and a quartet in D minor, by Franz Schubert, were excellently played (first violin, Herr Grunwald); although the many separate beauties of Schubert's composition, especially the variations of the *andante*, were fully appreciated, Haydn's quartet produced a greater impression of completeness and unity. Why? Because, in it, invention and character are combined with perfect artistic form, each being thoroughly imbued with the other. The interest of the evening was greatly enhanced by the performance of MM. Hiller and Grunwald, on the pianoforte and violin, first of the graceful and dreamy sonata in G major, Op. 96, by Beethoven, and then of three pieces from the

Canonical Suite for Pianoforte and Violin, Op. 86, by F. Hiller, No. 5, *andante canon*, on the fourth—No. 6, *menuetto canon* on the fifth—No. 7, *alla tarantella canon*, in the sixth. In these compositions, the melodious matter and charm—and the strictly canonical form—at one time modulated between violin and bass, at another between treble and violin, and then between bass and treble of the pianoforte—are connected in so masterly a manner with each other, and, at the same time, such a different character is impressed on each separate piece, that the layman is delighted with the musical thoughts, and is hardly aware of the way in which they are intertwined, while the musician enjoys the double pleasure produced by the said thoughts, and the artistic, most skilful, and in no wise stiff and scholastic, although perfectly normal and contrapuntal, mode in which they are worked out. They are small gems in a style of composition which musicians are not so often found attempting now-a-days.

The pianist, Hans von Bülow, is now on his way from Berlin, *vid Basle*, to Paris, where he will give a series of *soirées* in the Salle Pleyel. In the beginning of February he will perform here, at the second concert of the Männergesang Verein. The last concert in the Gürzenich, on Tuesday, the 17th ult., was rendered especially brilliant by the co-operation of Herren Joachim and Niemann, from Hanover. In addition to this, a new symphony by Gade, and Mendelssohn's Psalm for two choruses and orchestra, were performed.

According to report, Mad. Clara Schumann is expected, in February, at Vienna, where she thinks of settling permanently.

ST. PETERSBURGH, January 3rd.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Saturday, the 31st December, *Don Giovanni* was performed, for the benefit of Sig. Debassini, to a house crammed to the ceiling. Several members of the imperial family honoured this solemnity with their presence, and frequently gave the signal for applause. It is true, however, that the flower of the Italian company interpreted Mozart's masterpiece, and the Italian theatre of St. Petersburg is, perhaps, the only establishment of the kind in Europe which can show such an array of talent. Mad. Lagras, in the part of Donna Anna, did not belie the high opinion she inspired at her very first appearance; her *entrée* was superb, and in the air which follows, in her duet with Ottavio, as well as in the trio of the masks, rendered with a perfect *ensemble* by herself, Tamberlik, and Mad. Bernardi, and enthusiastically encoored, she exhibited a superiority, which obtained for her numerous recalls. Mad. Charton-Demeur, in the character of Zerlina, was exceedingly graceful, and sang deliciously—the consequence being that the audience insisted on her repeating the famous duet with Don Giovanni, "La ci darem la mano," as well as that which follows with Masetto (Everardi). Mad. Charton gave these two admirable pieces their true character, and the frequent applause, followed by reiterated recalls, proved how great was the satisfaction she caused. The part played by Tamberlik (Don Ottavio) is somewhat eclipsed by the others in this opera, but it contains the incomparable "Il mio tesoro," which is sufficient to raise it to the level of the rest, and Tamberlik gave it in the grandest manner, with irreproachable charm and purity. Debassini, the *bénéficiaire*, sang his romance, "Deh! vieni alla finestra," very well, and we mention this piece without prejudice to the others, in which he was heard to no less advantage. When people have heard Lablache as Leporello, they are difficult to please; but we must say that, though Marini is far from equal to that great model, he contributed very fairly to the *ensemble* of the performance. The part of Donna Elvira was well sustained by Mad. Bernardi, in whom we must blame, however, a coldness comparable only to her beauty.

M. de Sabouroff, director of the imperial theatres, gave, last week, in his magnificent mansion on the Moika Quai, a grand dinner to the artists of the Italian theatre. There was music afterwards, and Mdle. Victoire Balfe, who was invited with her father, sang. She obtained, on the spot, a promise that she should appear shortly in the *Traviata*. Next week, *Der Freischütz* will be given, for the benefit of Mongini; and the 9th or 16th of January is the day fixed on for the production of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the rehearsals of which are being pursued with great activity. Olosanti,* who possesses, on the ophicleide, a talent analogous to that of Bottesini on the double-bass, and who has played in Paris, has just arrived in St. Petersburg, where, also, he proposes playing. On Sunday, Mdle. Ingeborg-Starck, who, likewise, was applauded, in Paris, last winter, gave, in the Rooms of the Nobility, a concert. The young lady was highly successful.

* Which is losing its novelty.

† A very vocal name!

* One of M. Jullien's countless discoveries.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS,

(From our own Correspondent.)

I MUST give you a few lines this week relative to the two very successful *débuts* that have just taken place in Paris, for, though one of the *débuts* is not exactly, in theatrical parlance, a *débutant*, still the part he has been obliged in so unexpected a manner to assume, entitles him to be so called. Monsieur Troy, for it is of him I speak, has been obliged, by the continued indisposition of Faure, to fill, on a short notice, his part in the *Pardon de Plöermel*, and his success has brought overflowing houses; the first time he assumed the character of Hoel, he was naturally more agitated than at the other representations. At the Italian Opera it is really a *débutante* who has appeared. Mdlle. Marie Bathe, a pupil of Duprez, who as yet had only made her appearance, in a little theatre built by her master in the Rue Turgot. Much has been expected of her, and all expectations have been fully realised. In appearance she is tall and slender, with an expressive face, and is extremely dramatic in her acting. The part of Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, suited her admirably; rarely has the exquisite music of Bellini been interpreted with better taste or more feeling. The young artist was recalled several times. Gardoni, who played the part of Elvino, shared the honours of the evening, and indeed Elvino is one of his best parts.

Giuglini bade his farewell to the Parisian public in the *Travatore*. He was warmly received, and many tokens of regret for his departure mingled with the plaudits. Roger, who has been performing at Havre in the *Dame Blanche*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, has concluded definitely his engagement with the Italian Opera here, and on the 2nd of February he will appear in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Mademoiselle Bathe will play also the principal part. After his second performance at Havre the artists of the theatre presented Roger with a wreath of oak-leaves and gold. The *Huguenots* has just been performed at the Grand-Opéra, and Madlle. Brunet, who has been singing lately at Marseilles, has made her *début* here in it. On Saturday next, the opera of MM. Crémieux and Gaspars, *Ma Tante doit*, will be brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique. A great deal is expected of this work. The parts are confided to the following artists:—Mad. Ugalde, Madlle. Durant (a *débutante*), and Madlle. Vadé, MM. Meillet and Legrand. Meanwhile Mad. Carvalho has been performing with all her original success the part of La Reine Topaze. A young artist, Madlle. Marimon, has been playing her part of Cherubino, in the *Noëces de Figaro*.

We are to have some very good concerts soon, amongst others, Richard Wagner is going to give one on the 25th at the Italian Opéra. He will have several fragments of his own works performed, amongst others the *Tannhäuser* and the *Lohengrin*. M. Alard and M. Franchomme have commenced their concerts; they are held in the *salons* of Pleyel, Wolff, &c., and will be given every fortnight. Your old favourite, Jullien, also intends giving a series of grand concerts. They will commence in March; he intends giving parts of the oratorios of *Eli*, *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *Paulus*, &c. And under such an able hand, they will doubtless meet with great success. Emile Prudent has left for the provinces, where he is going to give some concerts. M. Fiorentino has just received the order of the Maison Ernestine from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and the King of Bavaria has just given a hint it would be well for you to follow. He has charged people of competent authority with the mission of selecting from amongst young musicians (of the country) those who appear possessed of the most ability and merit, to be placed under the especial patronage of the government.

The *Pardon de Plöermel* is being performed with ever-increasing success in the provinces and in various foreign towns, Brussels, Metz, Stutgardt, Mannheim, &c. The programme of the Société de Concerts ran thus on the first performance:—1. Symphony in A minor of Mendelssohn. 2. Motet of S. Bach (double chorus). 3. Concerto of Haydn, performed by Norblin. 4. *Près du fleuve étranger*, by Gounod, translated from the psalm *Super flumina*. 5. *Lauda Sion*; duet by Cherubini, sang by

Mdlle. Ribault and Mdlle. Rey. 6. Symphony in C major of Beethoven. The piece by M. Gounod, which has already been performed in the concerts of the Orphéon, produced a great sensation on the audience.

In the budget of 1860, the chapter under the head of which is mentioned the subventions to the Imperial theatres, and to the Conservatoire de Musique, the figure is stated at 1,705,000 francs; the sum given as indemnity or help afforded to artists, dramatic authors, composers and their widows, at 137,700 francs; that for encouragement and subscriptions exceeds 200,000 francs.

The very interesting and important work of Mr. F. J. Fétis, the first volume of which has just been published, fulfils in every way the expectations formed of it. Its title is "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Biographie Générale de la Musique." Numbers of books have been written on this theme, but none that can be compared to the very complete work now given us, for in this case the talents of the writer vie with his merits as artist.

DEATH OF THE BLIND FIDDLER.

(A SEQUEL.)

THE wind still rudely whistled, as the Fiddler sat, alone;
And heeded not his misery, his hopes, or merry tone;
But hurled fast down the chimney a shower of frozen rain,
To chill the heart and voice of him who raised the joyous strain.

Still more melodious grew the tongue, the chords more brilliant grew,
As, like a demon, Boreas, his harshest airs still blew:
His wants and woes, though numberless, yet leagued they all in vain
To stay his voice and harmony—upward still rose the strain!

"Almighty Father of mankind! to Thee, to Thee I cry;
Though notest e'en a sparrow's fall, and art for ever nigh.
Then sure I am Thy angels bright Thou'lt yet send down for me,
And take me to the realms of light, my mother kind to see!"

Thus sung the sufferer, weary, and thought himself alone;
But in his hovel, dreary, around him, pleased, there shone
Bright spirits from the happy land, where wants and woes are o'er,
Inspiring him with visions grand of heaven's blissful shore!

Enraptured was the blind man's soul—he cried, "I see, I see
"My mother dear, in garments pure: and, oh, she beckons me!
'Mid flowers and foliage sweet reclines her bright angelic form;
A glorious sun above her shines—a sun, and no more storm!"

"But, hark! what sounds now greet mine ear?"—"Celestial sounds
are those:—"

A spirit said: "Farewell, all fear; farewell, your many woes:
Thy mother strikes her golden harp, to welcome up her boy
To heaven above, where all is love, and purity and joy!"

Rude Boreas madly whistles on; the sleet and hail fast fall,
The Fiddler's frozen body rests in silence by the wall:

A placid smile beams o'er his face, as calm in death he lies,
His soul has gained its long-sought place—its mansion in the skies!

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—A very pleasant concert was given by the University of Dublin Choral Society on Friday, 13th inst. A copious selection from *Der Frieschütz* formed the first part. The second comprised Spohr's *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra; "Aurora che sorgira," Rossini; "Breezes of evening," a short cantata by Oberthür; "Soave sia il vento" (the *terzetto* from *Così fan Tutti*), Mozart; choral glee, "Now the bright morning star," Greville; "Le Papillon," song, Blumenthal; choral glee, "To all you ladies," Calcott; and for finale, Bishop's excellent and spirited chorus (with solos), "Vengeance we swear." The band performed their part well, and under the guidance of the conductor, Dr. Stewart, executed the *Frieschütz* overture with great spirit. They were equally to be commended in the rendering of the works by Spohr, Oberthür, and Sir H. Bishop, which had not been heard before. All passed off well: the next concert is intended to be of sacred music, and to contain works by Handel, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, which have not been performed here previously.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—*The meetings of societies not being public transactions, all such announcements are, essentially, advertisements.*

J. W. P.—*Most certainly the instrument named in the letter of our correspondent has been used in the manner he alludes to. Can J. W. P. be unacquainted with the admirable concerto, with orchestral accompaniments, composed by Herr Molique for Signor Regondi, and played in so marvellous a manner by that gentleman?*

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 1860.

WHETHER our rulers take into sufficient account the claims to consideration of our fiddlers has long been a moot question. The counsel of this journal to each individual member of the harmonious calling has always been, and always will be—"Musician, help thyself." There is no palpable reason why music as an art, or professors of music as artists, should enjoy less consideration in England than in their just due, and than they enjoy elsewhere. That such is the case, however, would appear from the persistent howl with which musicians in this country (like certain grumblers on the other side of St. George's Channel) have, time out of mind, assailed the unapprehensive ear of the body social. For our own part we could never find out *what* they had to complain of. If it is of the want of Government patronage (and it can surely be of nothing else), we own no sympathy with their cry. How is Government to aid them? What, indeed, has Government to do with them and their fortunes or misfortunes?

The talk about foreign musicians being so much better off is all moonshine. No foreign musician ever owed anything substantial either to the patronage of Governments or to that of the aristocratic class. We should like to put Mr. Balfe for a year or two on the Esterhazy rations (which nourished Haydn), or Professor Sterndale Bennett on the salary which Joseph II. thought fit to squander on Mozart. Why, the one would not pay for Mr. Balfe's kid gloves, nor the other for Professor Bennett's (indispensable) "Brougham." In sober truth, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, compared with some of our more prosperous musicians, were little better than *paupers*; and yet (with all deference to the spirited gentleman whose letter to the *Times* we are about to cite) they were cleverer (far cleverer) fellows than any of the race of modern English practitioners, whose sufferings are so frequently paraded by advocates with more florid enthusiasm than clear-sighted judgment.

Cite Handel, if you please. Handel made two fortunes; granted: but, except in one or two instances to the munificent Duke of Chandos, whom had he to thank? Himself and none other; for by his own genius and his own industry he amassed both the fortune he squandered in

unsuccessful speculation, and the fortune he was enabled to amass and put by. What—we look at another sort of men—does Rossini owe to Government patronage?—what Meyerbeer?—what Auber? Literally nothing; and yet the first and last have risen from a condition of comparative need to be wealthy among the wealthy, while the second has built an artistic fortune on the top of an hereditary fortune. What these great men have obtained from the liberality of high personages, or from places under government, is a mere flea-bite compared with what they have earned by their own unaided toil.

But let the correspondent of the *Times* speak for himself:—

"SIR,—At a time when the representatives of the country are so soon to meet for the discussion of subjects with the view of promoting the welfare and happiness of the various classes of the community, I venture to address you, in the hope that I may be able to call public attention to the fact that an art, which is exercising no small amount of good moral and social influence, is wholly ignored by the powers that be. I allude to music. While annual motions are made on many other subjects, and while large sums are annually granted for 'Science and Art,' 'Education,' and other such laudable purposes, there has been no hon. member to bring forward the claims of music, and there have been no grants for that pursuit, which is in itself both a science and an art. And yet, when there is any great national celebration, is not music first thought of, and are not musicians gathered together? Without music, what would such celebration be?"

"Look to the great progress that has, during the past few years, been made in Great Britain. In every corner of the land are societies diffusing a better taste, and what good might not be done were but the Government to lend a helping hand to those who so much help themselves? Foreign artists who have lately been in England, after an absence of some years, are astounded when they observe the great stride that has been made in an art of which they not very long ago deemed themselves the only exponents.

"Though I do not write for the purpose of bringing forward hobbies of my own, but with an earnest hope that the subject may receive that share of attention that it merits, still I cannot refrain from suggesting that the first step in the matter should be the establishment of a Conservatorium, which should be a Government institution. A subsidised theatre should follow.

"The present Royal Academy of Music has undoubtedly done much good, but the want of something of a larger scale, the management of which shall be conducted on the broadest possible basis, is severely felt. We have among us musicians (I use the word in its most comprehensive application) second to none in the world, and an institution might readily be formed that should offer advantages to students such as no other existing institution could do. The Royal Academy of Arts has enjoyed for a great length of time the support of the Government of the country. Who could possibly regret such support, after seeing the noble collection of English paintings that was drawn together at the Manchester Exhibition? Will not Parliament afford a like assistance to music?"

"I appeal to you, sir, to help the attainment of an object that would conduce so very much to the formation of an English school of music. Years must necessarily be occupied in so great and important an undertaking, but that is only an additional argument in favour of immediate steps being taken to effect its fulfilment.

"A royal commission, or a Committee of the House of Commons, would bring together a mass of evidence that would be most valuable. All that we require is a rallying point—a common centre—to which the attention of musicians may be directed. That being obtained, the day will not be far distant when an Englishman will be proud of the musical genius of his country.

"I inclose my card, and have the honour to remain, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"London, Jan. 12."

"MUSICIAN."

"Look to the great progress that has, during the past few years, been made in Great Britain." Precisely. That is what we should do; and mature reflection cannot fail to engender the belief that all is going on well, and that if Parliament will be kind and considerate enough to leave us alone, we shall in the end have little or nothing to deplore—

at least nothing that we shall not be able to amend without the officious interference of meddling and inefficient officials.

Our weak point just now is the national opera; but far off is the day when an English Opera, or an English theatre of any kind, is made to depend upon a Government subsidy. Glance at the Paris theatres (the lyrical theatres we mean), and see what they are doing. Notwithstanding the Government subsidy, both the Académie-Impériale and the Opéra-Comique, are staggering—on their last legs indeed, unless Meyerbeer, an alien, shall come to help them.

Apart from the national opera, which is as yet with us a *chateau en Espagne*, musical institutions generally are flourishing. A successful professor in this country amasses thrice the income the most prosperous foreigner can obtain in his own, while such undertakings as the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Monday Popular Concerts, the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, the various Choral Societies, the Musical Union, are as unknown (if not indeed impracticable) in continental capitals as they are great facts in our own metropolis.

And then—to crown all—we have the Musical Society of London, without exception the most important institution of the kind in the world. Let us first see what that is going to achieve, before resigning ourselves to despair, or handing about the begging-box ("*faisant la quête*") in company with "A Musician."

We have no wish to publish anything that may have an injurious effect on what are called the festivities of the season, but far from that, we are convinced that we shall receive the thanks of all who love pleasure and hate to be bored, if we make use of an influential organ like the *Musical World*, to protest against what are called "musical parties." Literary parties—which must not be confounded with meetings of literary men—are bad enough, and so, in fact, are all large assemblies at which it is proposed to do anything that the majority of the educated classes cannot do with readiness and ease. Now the only things in the way of entertainment that every one can do, are, to drink, to gamble and to dance; and as the two first of these accomplishments are confined for the most part to the male sex, it follows that, as a general rule, wherever ladies are present, there should be dancing—which, once commenced, means not mere saltatory exercise, but opportunities for conversation. If the dancing could be suppressed, and the sort of conversation for which it is now made the pretext, be retained without the gymnastics, that would, doubtless, in the opinion of many persons, be an improvement; but civilisation has not yet said its last word, and we have no doubt that, some day or other, before Mr. Bright is prime minister, we shall hear of balls without dancing, which will, in fact, be what actual *conversazioni* ought to be, but are not.

Card-playing leads not only to conversation, but sometimes to conversation of a very animated kind—except where the stakes are merely nominal, when it is an occupation fit only for lunatics, who if they were not playing at cards, would be playing with straws. But we have already erased gambling and drinking from the list of permissible enjoyments (and for what we hope will be considered a very polite reason); and having said our say about balls, it only remains for us to explain on what ground we object to parties of a special character, and especially to those at which it is expected that a certain proportion of the guests will play or sing.

Literary and artistic reunions have, at least, this advantage

—that the distinguished visitors who are intended to give the necessary artistic or literary colour to the entertainment, however much they might bore you if you were to listen to them, do not holloa to you. Now that is just what musical visitors make a point of doing. There is no escaping them, and as they are almost invariably amateurs of imperfect education, the punishment they inflict is very severe. Sometimes a professional artist is induced to come, but it is sure to be either a gentleman who has just lost his engagement, or a lady who has never had one—or, worse still, both. Why should people whom you would not willingly hear in a concert-room, and certainly would not tolerate at the Opera, be allowed to attack you in private life, where there is no possibility of redress, either with the pen or with the hiss? Ought not something to tell them (and the *Musical World* will do so, if nothing else), that they have no right to torment those who, not intending to be musicians, have certainly done them no harm? If perverse and uncontrollable amateurs choose to meet from time to time, for purposes of mutual annoyance, and make no endeavour to entrap others not of the same class into their society, surely there can be no objection to such an arrangement; and we would as soon think of remonstrating with them, as of interfering between the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers. If A attacks with the piano, B will reply with the violin, C knows that he can take his revenge with a song, and D, E, and F will be sure to pay all three of them out with a glee. All this may be cacophony, but it is at least fair play, as long as amateurs, who can defend themselves after their own manner, are alone invited to be present. When, however, unoffending singers are enticed to these unseemly exhibitions of want of skill, positive cruelty is committed. It must be remembered that amateur playing and singing is not like amateur acting. In bad tragedy or comedy we may be amused by the awkwardness and incapacity of the performers, but there is no fun whatever in bad music.

Now Pantagruel was sitting at his ease in the long parlour of the Edinburgh Castle, smoking an huge pipe, the fumes whereof rolled down the Strand, and produced one of those fogs that have lately caused such suffocation in Cockayne, when in rushed Panurge in the most frantic manner, upsetting the ample glass, whence his master imbibed vast quantities of toddy, and breaking off the large bowl of his pipe.

"Profane wretch!" bellowed Pantagruel, "What meanest thou by thus spilling the sacred drink and scattering the holy incense? What should hinder me from placing the bowl of my pipe on thy pitiful head, and thus causing thee to expire amid lingering tortures?"

"The cause of thine abstinence in that particular" said Panurge, "is the fact, that the bowl in question hath rolled out of the door, and down the steps of Waterloo Bridge, till it hath descended hissing into the bowels of Father Thames. But even were it otherwise thou wouldst not harm me, for lo! I bring thee good tidings."

"The tidings must indeed be good," muttered Pantagruel, "to compensate for this heavy damage, wherein is comprised the cost of a broken tumbler."

"Know then," shouted Panurge at the top of his voice, "that Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards have written a new play, and that it is now acted at the Strand Theatre."

"The same who wrote *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*?" asked Pantagruel, gasping with anxiety.

"Even so," replied Panurge.

"Then come to my arms—bearer of the most blessed tidings that ever consoled the melancholy of desponding mortal!"—(and at these words he gave him an huge hug, that squeezed him as flat as a pancake, so that he only returned back to his own figure by slow degrees)—"Yea, thou mightest have smashed all the plates in the world that bear the willow pattern, including the big one at Albert Smith's—thou mightest have spificated all the squares of glass in Regent-street, and I would have made good thy destructiveness, and also have given thee the sixpence, which I declare I owe thee now. Well do I mind me, how my soul was refreshed and invigorated by the same *Goose with the Golden Eggs*. Night after night did I go to draw wisdom from that sparkling fount, so similar to the ancient Hippocrene, and on every occasion did I retire to rest a wiser and a better man. But tell me of the new piece. What is it called? Is it quite equal to that wondrous tale of the stuffed goose?"

"It is called *Christmas Boxes*," said Panurge, reflectively, "and I think I must avow that it scarcely equals that marvel of dramatic literature."

"I should opine not," said Pantagruel, with a resigned expression. "We scarcely look for a mountain with two summits of the same altitude. Two tops of Mont Blanc, with two Albert Smith's to attain them, and two Egyptian Halls, wherein to recount the exploit, would be beyond the just limit of human hope."

"Yet is *Christmas Boxes* well worth a profound study," remarked Panurge. "The personages involved in the fable move in a higher region of society than that immortal goose, and in more polished fashion do they point their stern moral."

"And that moral is——" said Pantagruel.

"Sound as the prosperity of Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomime," observed Panurge; "or the success of the *Dead Heart* at the Adelphi, or as that of Robert Brough's new burlesque at the Olympic. It sheweth us the great inconvenience of vicious propensities, when they are accompanied by a straitened pocket."

"A most healthful moral too!" exclaimed Pantagruel. "Let them that are penniless have the virtue of abstinence from cakes and ale. Execrable is the clerk who dares to be vicious on £70 a-year. As for me, who own broad acres in Eldorado, regarding the Koh-i-noor as a vile pebble, which would disgrace my garden walk, and having in my commonest snuff-box more precious metal than is to be found in the whole stock of Roskill and Hunt,—shall I curb my inclinations,—shall I put a restraint on my pleasure? Not I. As Hamlet, who built the Princess's Theatre, says, "Let the galled jade wince"—I will sit and smile cheerfully at the new work of Mayhew and Edwards, and applaud, while they lash the peccadilloes of sinners with limited incomes."

"I must tell thee one joke," said Panurge, wistfully. "There is a maid-servant, who when her master upbraideth her, signifieth the narrowness of his means by declaring that 'he could not have blow'd her up more had she been the man come for the poor-rates.'"

"Instantly give me a pen and a sheet of paper," cried Pantagruel, beaming with admiration.

"Why?" asked Panurge.

"That I may instantly write to Mr. W. S. Swanborough, and tell him I engage a private box for the entire run of

Mayhew and Edwards' new play. The one touch of nature thou hast revealed sheweth me that it contains a mine of wisdom.

WE observe with regret that our light literature is gradually acquiring a certain religious tinge, which, however novel, is by no means appropriate to that species of composition. We need scarcely assure our readers that we are not of those who associate satire with profanity, and we are convinced that the prayers of a humorist avail as much as those of the most serious poet or philosopher. But neither should pray in public, and the impropriety and ridiculousness of doing so ought, one would think, to strike none so forcibly as those writers who belong to the same intellectual class as the author of *Tartuffe*. We are not surprised at Mr. Tupper, or at any other notoriously dull writer, praying in print, but that authors of acute wit and delicate comic perception should fall into such an error is astonishing. It is amazing that the incongruity which attaches to a mixture of light literature, however pure, with adoration, however unemphatic, should escape writers whose peculiar talent must include as one of its most essential elements a keen sense of the incongruous. It is intelligible that solemn verses should be published from time to time in *Punch*, if only as a foil to the articles whose style is characterised by a deliberate intention to amuse. But what can be the meaning of the devotional tone which marks the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Dickens's entertaining "Haunted House"—the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*. What signifies the psalm published in the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Times*? Why did a hymn appear in the Christmas number of the *Welcome Guest*? Mr. Dickens terminates his interesting ghost-stories with this "Christmas greeting" which he "derives from the 'Haunted House,'" and "affectionately addresses with all his heart to his readers." This is the greeting: "Let us use the great virtue, Faith, but not abuse it; and let us put it to its best use by having faith in the great Christmas book of the New Testament, and in one another." With such an example as this, there is no saying where the taste for religiosity in out-of-the-way places will stop; and unfortunately it has since met with further encouragement in what we should have considered a most unlikely quarter, and from no less a personage than the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. That phenomenal publication contains an article—the last in the number—which to our mind is the most graceful that ever proceeded from Mr. Thackeray's pen; but it terminates with a prayer for success—a sort of *ora pro nobis* addressed to each of those saints the readers—which, naturally and sympathetically as it is introduced, seems to us scarcely justified by the importance of the object prayed for. If it were a question of Mr. Thackeray's health or genius—which, as long as it lasts, must speak to us in some form or other—it would be different, and no appeal for our prayers would be necessary; but the *Cornhill Magazine* is, after all, only a commercial speculation, and though we are delighted that it has succeeded, we should never think of praying for its success.

If this new inclination towards the devout should spread from literature to other forms of art, the effect would be very objectionable indeed, for we should have picture exhibitions and concerts opened with prayer. We are afraid already that the directors of the Glasgow Festival will take the hint from the Christmas periodicals already alluded to, and im-

plore the blessings of Providence on their monster music meeting. All appeals to a higher power on behalf of such enterprises have, however, been shown, over and over again, to be fruitless. Indeed there is only one instance on record of prayers for money being attended with success, which happened when Peter, wishing to pay tribute, caught a fish, and found within its mouth one solitary piece of silver.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE first *Conversazione* of the season was given on Wednesday evening in St. James's Hall, when between seven and eight hundred persons were present. The Hall was fitted up with great magnificence, as at the former *conversazione*, under the management of the secretary, Mr. Charles Salaman, and exhibited, among other things, some rare and antique musical instruments, manuscripts, and articles of *virtu*, together with some valuable and curious oil-paintings, and water-colours. In the course of the evening several pieces of music were sung or performed by various professional and non-professional members of the society. Three choral part-songs were given, viz.—Mendelssohn's "Season of Pleasure;" Mr. Henry Smart's "Joys of Spring," and Mendelssohn's "Opening buds." Luca Marenzio's Madrigal, "Lady, see on ev'ry side," was also sung, as well as Mr. Henry Smart's choral trio (three-part song?) "Rest thee on thy mossy pillow." Both Mr. Smart's pieces were encored.

Miss Freeth played a solo on the pianoforte, and Mr. Lazarus an adagio and polonaise (Baermann) on the clarinet. Miss Parepa sang Verdi's "Sempre all'Alba," from *Giovanna d'Arco*, and Mr. Santley the *stornello* "Giovinetina della bella voce," by Angelo Mariani.

The Hall presented a splendid appearance, the ladies and gentlemen being costumed with especial care as for the ball-room; and the whole affair passed off with exceeding brilliancy, constituting a most *éclatant* inauguration to the season.

THE POTTER TESTIMONIAL.

A MEETING of the subscribers for the testimonial to Mr. Cipriani Potter was held (by the permission of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music) in the concert-room of that institution on Monday last, at which Mr. Lucas, the treasurer of the Testimonial Fund, was unanimously called to the chair. The minutes were read that were passed when the Professors of the Academy met at the institution, by the request of Mr. Macfarren, on the 26th of September last, to consider the offering of some token of esteem and regard to their late Principal, on his retirement from the office, after twenty-seven years service. The Report of the Committee for carrying out the Testimonial was then submitted to the meeting as follows:—

"Your committee have the pleasure to report that their willing exertions to carry out the resolutions of the meeting held in this room on the 26th of September last, have been rewarded with the most gratifying success. They have made known the purport of those resolutions by means of public advertisements, of circular letters, and of personal correspondence, and they have been delighted to find that the spirit which unanimously actuated the meeting of September has been very cordially shared, not only by the past and present students and professors of the Academy, but by many persons not thus related with the institution, who were equally anxious to join in an expression of admiration and regard to the distinguished musician, who, as principal and professor of the Royal Academy of Music, has exercised an influence not less powerful than beneficial [on the progress of his art in this country.

"The subscribers' list contains 284 names, and the total sum at present subscribed amounts to £498 5s., of which £400 has been already received by the treasurer. The various means employed to invite subscriptions have occasioned an expenditure, which, so far as can at present be calculated, amounts to £31 1s., the balance of £467 4s. is therefore available for the testimonial. Your committee believe that the amount of this balance may even yet be greatly increased, and they found their belief on the possibility that there may be still many persons who would wish to subscribe but have not yet been canvassed—upon the likelihood that some members of the Academy, now residing abroad, to whom invitations have been addressed, have not had time to remit their subscriptions—and upon the fact that sum of £100 has been subscribed since the first of January, on which day it was generally understood that the list would be closed. Your committee will therefore suggest the desirability of extending still further the limit to the period for receiving subscriptions.

"There is the best reason for supposing that both the forms of testimonial discussed at the September meeting, namely, the founding an exhibition, to be called "The Potter Exhibition" (for the reduction of a student's expenses in the Academy), which should be open to annual competition, and also a personal present, with a list of the contributor's names, would be eminently agreeable to Mr. Potter, but especially the former, respecting which he has expressed his feelings to more than one member of your committee. With regard to this idea of an exhibition, however, your committee have collected many valuable opinions, to the effect that, desirable as it is to perpetuate Mr. Potter's name in connection with the Academy by means of such an endowment, it is equally desirable that any money so appropriated should not be merged in the funds of any institution, but should be so invested that some musical students should, for all time, be annually chosen in Mr. Potter's name, to receive the dividends of this money to assist in defraying the cost of study.

"Your Committee congratulate you upon the warm feeling that has been expressed, and upon the large sum which is its substantial expression; and they are proud to think that, in whatever form, you are able to offer Mr. Potter a testimonial worthy of your attachment to him, as an artist and as a friend, and worthy of his acceptance as a token of your esteem."

The following resolutions were adopted:—

I. Proposed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and seconded by Mr. George Parker, of Northampton:—That the Report be received.

II. Proposed by Mr. Harold Thomas, and seconded by Mr. Jewson:—That a sum not exceeding £100 be expended on plate, which shall be presented to Mr. Potter; and that the names of all the subscribers be engrossed on vellum and handed to him, together with the plate.

III. Proposed by Mr. W. Macfarren, and seconded by Mr. H. Groves:—That after paying the expenses, and deducting the cost of the plate and the engrossment, the balance of the money subscribed be vested in the hands of three trustees, for the endowment of an exhibition, to be called "The Potter Exhibition," to assist in defraying the expenses of a student in the Royal Academy of Music, which exhibition shall be open to annual competition for a lady and a gentleman in alternate years, the candidates being students of the Academy who shall have been not less than two years in the institution; and that, if ever the Academy shall cease to exist, the trustees for the time being appropriate "The Potter Exhibition" (which shall still be open to annual competition alternately for ladies and gentlemen), to assist in the education of a musician elsewhere.

IV. Proposed by Mr. Jewson, and seconded by Mr. A. Gilbert:—That Mr. Lucas, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren be appointed Trustees of the Exhibition Fund; and that these gentlemen and their successors, when any vacancy occurs in their number, to appoint some person to fill the place.

V. Proposed by Mr. C. L. Stevens, and seconded by G. L. Newson:—That the subscription list remain open till the day of presenting the plate to Mr. Potter.

VI. Proposed by Mr. H. D. Banister, and seconded by Mr. H. Goodban:—That the presentation of the testimonial take place in May next, when Mr. Potter will be invited to meet the subscribers.

VII. Proposed by Mr. C. E. Stevens, and seconded by Mr. G. Pucker:—That the thanks of this meeting be voted to the Committee for their exertions in carrying out the resolutions passed in September last.

VIII. Proposed by Mr. Dorrell, and seconded by Mr. H. Goodban:—That the special thanks of the meeting be voted to the Honorary Secretary for the particular pains with which he has promoted the

testimonial, and that the name of the Honorary Treasurer be coupled with his in this acknowledgment.

IX. Proposed by Mr. Dorrell and seconded by Mr. Goss.—That the thanks of the meeting be offered to the committee of the Royal Academy of Music for the kind permission to assemble in the concert-room of that institution.

The unanimous thanks of the meeting were then voted to Mr. Lucas for his able conduct in the chair.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS.—At the last general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Harold Thomas was elected a member. HERR RICHARD WAGNER is about to give a series of concerts and operatic performances at the Théâtre-Italien, in Paris.

MR. HORSLEY'S "GIDEON."—A full, and "full dress," rehearsal of Mr. Charles Horsley's new oratorio, *Gideon*, took place on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall, preparatory to its performance at the approaching Glasgow Festival. Nearly fifteen hundred persons were present, and the greatest interest seemed to be excited for the success of the new work. The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Witham, Mrs. Locket, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Locket, and Weiss. Of course we cannot venture to pronounce critically on the merits of so grave a composition, after a solitary trial. The opinion of the majority of the audience, however, was unanimous, and at the end of the performance Mr. Horsley was summoned to appear, and received with loud and long-continued cheering.

ROYAL THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR.

THE fourth dramatic performance this season took place at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday evening. The following was the programme.—

A Comedy in two Acts, by Tom Taylor (adapted from M. Octave Feuillet), entitled,
THE HOUSE, OR THE HOME.

The Right Hon. Horace Chetwynd, M.P.	...	Mr. Wigan.
General Witherington, C.B.	...	Mr. C. Selby.
Frederick Wardour (Clerk to the Foreign Office)	...	Mr. Billington.
Lady Helen Chetwynd	...	Miss H. Simms.
The Hon. Mrs. Wardour (Mother to Frederick)	...	Mrs. Wigan.
Hopwood (Lady Helen's Maid)	...	Miss Laidlaw.

After which, a Petite Drama, in one Act, by Mr. Benjamin Webster, entitled,

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Mr. William Penn Holder	...	Mr. Benj. Webster.
Mr. Beaumont Fletcher (Barister and Dramatic Author)	...	Mr. Billington.
Mr. Belgrave	...	Mr. W. H. Eburne.
Jones (Porter to the Adelphi Chambers)	...	Mr. C. J. Smith.
Miss Constance Belmour	...	Miss H. Simms.

Under the Management of Mr. George Ellis; and
Under the Direction of Mr. W. B. Donne,
Her Majesty's Examiner of Plays.

The Theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

Shortly after eight o'clock, the Queen and Prince Consort, with the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Arthur, Princess Helena, Princess Louisa, and Prince Leopold, attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, and accompanied by the dinner company, entered the theatre in St. George's Hall, when the performance immediately commenced.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The adjourned annual meeting of the proprietary of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society was held on Monday, at the Cotton Sales Room, Mr. P. G. Heyworth presiding. The report, which had been printed and circulated amongst the proprietors, was taken as read. The following are extracts:—

"The expenditure of the society has slightly increased during the past year, but the excess has arisen from the extraordinary outlay required for repairs consequent upon painting and decorating the hall. The Committee have much pleasure in drawing the attention of proprietors to the increased sum received from the sale of extra tickets, showing that the concerts have proved more attractive to the public. The proprietors will also notice the increased sum received for the letting

of the hall. Six stalls have been forfeited to the society for the non-payment of the year's subscription; there now remain two boxes and 251 stalls the property of the society. The practical members have rendered very valuable services during the past year, and your committee have pleasure in recommending that a resolution be passed embodying the thanks of the society. Your committee have again to record the efficiency and zeal displayed by Mr. Henry Suddlow in the discharge of his duties as secretary and treasurer. Referring to their circular to the proprietors of October 12, 1859, regarding the state of the roof, the committee have to announce that Messrs. Tite and Clifton's detailed report has just been received, in which they repeat their opinion that the existing condition of the hall is perfectly secure, but they recommend a periodical inspection, and propose certain remedies in the event of any weakness being hereafter detected.

"Your committee recommend that twelve concerts, all full dress, be given during the present year, and that the subscription be as follows:—Boxes and stalls, £3 3s; gallery stalls, £2; gallery, £1; annual subscribers to the stalls, £4 4s. They also propose that proprietors should be allowed to transfer their right of entrance for the season to resident gentlemen, upon payment of 5s. as before; and that any resident gentleman, approved of by the committee, and not in business for himself, should be allowed the privilege of purchasing a ticket, or making use of a member's ticket at the subscription concerts, upon payment of 10s. 6d. for the year, in accordance with the resolution passed at the annual meeting in January, 1856.

"The members of committee who retire by rotation, but who are re-eligible, are as follows:—Francis Braun, Esq., Louis Grüning, Esq., Benjamin Heywood Jones, Esq., H. W. Meade King, Esq., A. G. Kurtz, Esq., James Lister, Esq., C. W. Neumann, Esq., Henry Rankin, Esq., James Smith, Esq. But as the practical members, in accordance with their privilege, have nominated Mr. Rankin to represent them on the committee, only eight other gentlemen can be elected.

"The financial statement showed a balance against the society of £126 19s. 6d."

The report and accounts were adopted, and the thanks of the society given to the practical members. The Chairman moved that twelve subscription full-dress concerts be given during the year.

Mr. R. King said it was thought, last year, when the committee fixed to have eight full-dress and four undress concerts, that the undress concerts would be availed of by the subscribers and others, but they had been disappointed. The tickets had been given away to people they had not been in the habit of seeing at the full-dress concerts.

Mr. R. Walmsley called attention to the exertions made within the last few years to pay off the debt, in which they had been successful, and did not see why, with a reduced cost, they should pay the same subscription. Another thing working against the interests of the society was the gradual lapsing of shares into the proprietors' hands through the non-payment of subscriptions. This year there had been six, last year eight, and the previous year three. Since 1848 or 1849 there were thirty or forty shares less paying subscriptions. Gentlemen who allowed themselves to lose their shares only did so because they could get an equal quality of music at a less cost. A reduced subscription would benefit the society. As to the letting of the hall, it had only been used two or three times, owing to the high price, which the majority were unwilling to pay. He proposed, as an amendment, that subscriptions during the ensuing year be two guineas and a-half for stalls, and that no change be made in any portion of the arrangement. Mr. Sharpe seconded the amendment.

The Chairman thought such remarks tended to damage their property. A great many stalls were forfeited, some from holders becoming bankrupts, or proprietors deceased. As to extra expenses, they had been increased by joiners' and plasterers' work, &c., consequent on the decoration of the hall, besides coal and gas.

Mr. H. Banner thought it might be well to consider whether they could not with profit let the building at a less cost. Fifty pounds was a large sum, and they could not compete with St. George's Hall when they made such charges.

The Chairman replied that the committee were not desirous of making the hall too common. They wished to make it select.

Mr. H. W. M. King said that the question as to letting the hall had been under consideration, and the committee would agree with some of the remarks that had been made. But the Philharmonic could never compete with St. George's Hall, seeing that the latter paid no rent.

The amendment was lost by a large majority, and the original motion carried. Some conversation followed as to the price of stalls, which the chairman stated to be the same as last year, 18 guineas. The committee for the ensuing year were then appointed, and after a vote of thanks to the chair the proceedings terminated.

LEEDS—(From a Correspondent).—Dr. Mark and his Little Men drew nearly 3,000 persons at the Town Hall, last Saturday, when the annual Juvenile Night was given by the Town Hall Concert Society. With the exception of *The Messiah* night on Christmas Eve, this is the largest audience ever drawn at a concert in the Town Hall. Dr. Mark's visits here are always looked forward to with pleasure, and his juvenile band really play capitally. Miss Clara Wight sang two songs with excellent taste, and was warmly *encored* in "I cannot mind my wheel."

DRAMATIC DOTTINGS.

(From a Melodramatic Contributor.)

I MUST plead guilty to an inbred weakness for tracing effect to cause. I do not remember the time when it did not, in a greater or less degree, influence the waking moments of my life. But here I am simply about to record one little example of this weakness, and it will serve as a key to the general tenor and habit of my being.

When a boy, I was deeply struck by the horror exemplified in the souls of most pious persons at the mere mention of the ominous words: "theatre"—"opera"—"play"—"stage"—"boxes" (not collecting)—"pit" (not bottomless)—"gallery" (not chapel). Knowing very little then what those terms really signified, so soon as opportunity offered, I set myself to attempt the discovery, with an ardour that would have done honour to Columbus in his search for a new continent. My first essay being made in a very provincial theatre, and my exchequer compelling me to patronise the lofty region of the gods, which was peculiarly airy above and around, successfully producing the effect of a huge pair of bellows, defying sound to reach our elevated position, I returned with little addition to my knowledge on the point; whilst the little I did get served to stimulate my "young idea" into a still stronger desire to "shoot."

I pass silently over the lapse of time during which I fed the flame of inquiry by all possible means lying in my path; and few and far between they were. Till, having amassed a sufficient sum wherewith to purchase Shakspeare (ah! unhappy thought—my "uncle" has him now!), yes, Shakspeare entire—and the reader must remember there were then no "People's Editions" to be heard of, far less bought. Here, then, was the cause of the effect I had so long been in search of. Oh, but I had been more fortunate than Diogenes—I *did* find my honest man. I perused the ever-living, ever-mighty bard with a relish I shall never again experience over another author, past, present, or future. I imagined myself standing in the presence of something more than human—a demi-god at least. I marked and marvelled how he played upon the heart-strings of proud humanity, and bid them give out their true and proper sound—its too-weak will unable to resist him. Then could I understand the why and wherefore those pharisees, hypocrites, shied so terribly whenever anything having reference to the temple of Momus crossed their line of vision. Yes! yes! time and circumstances had thrown me much in the way of the *soi-distant* saints, and I could well understand how they were unable to sit within such walls *bon gré*! I could easily fancy how, like the Queen of Denmark—though from a cause not equally foul, indeed, yet for a cause—they would mentally, at least, exclaim:—

"Oh, speak no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet!"

Oh! no! The walls of a conventicle, doubtless, may be pleasing; and pulpit platitudes, from whence come weekly absolution without extra payment, makes sweetest music to such dwarfish minds. But, heavenly powers! hold not the "mirror up to nature!" Show not the "very age and body of the time" to such as these; lest, like the king, in terror they inquire, "Have you heard the argument—is there no offence in it?" Solomon has put on record the truism (with exceptions), "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," and these have a sufficiency of the yet coveted product, knowledge, to influence them in religiously shunning the temple of the great philosophical poet, fearing that the combination of the two would so increase as inevitably to sink them down into perdition. Yet, Iago-like, should there remain sufficient courage within them to peruse my dottings, will they not, in whining accents, cry, "You charge us most unjustly!"

W. D.

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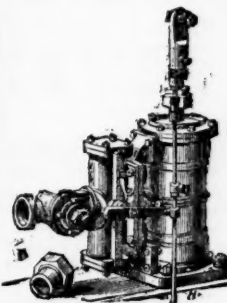
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But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
And sad the spirit sighs alone;
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My dark-eyed Margaretta,
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That struggles to forget her.
My love I know will seem
A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah! it was a dream
Most sweet, most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better
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"OH! TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN!"

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

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Oh! take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee;
All joys are fled and hope is dead
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken;
I did not dream those cherished chorals
So lightly could be broken.

Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.

Then take me to thy heart again.

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

Price 2s.

Prithce tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not Love torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know who"
Were here, he'd tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart—but then,
"I'm not in love, remember!"

I'm not in love, remember.

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Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of Castlebar-hill, in the parish of Ealing, in the County of Middlesex, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street.
Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.
Saturday, January 21, 1860.